

KAISER'S BIRTHDAY DEFEAT: GREAT GERMAN LOSSES AT LA BASSEE

The Daily Mirror

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THURSDAY, JANUARY 28, 1915

One Halfpenny.

"EVERY ENGLISH SHIP POURED SHELL UPON US!" SURVIVORS OF
THE BLUECHER MARCHED THROUGH EDINBURGH. 911910 J



The prisoners going through Ramsay Gardens to the Castle. 911910 J



The prisoners passing the Black Watch South African Memorial in Market-street.

Cold, miserable, dressed in all sorts of odd clothes, not a few of them with bandaged heads and hands, the survivors of the lost German cruiser Bluecher arrived in Edinburgh, instead of returning to Germany with tidings of further baby-killing at

Scarborough to gladden the Kaiser's birthday. "Every English ship poured shell upon us," said one of the survivors. "It was awful. I have never seen such gunnery, and hope that as long as I live I never shall again."

GERMAN TROOPS' FRIGHTFUL LOSSES AS ONLY BIRTHDAY GIFT TO KAISER

Allies' Machine Guns Tear Great Gaps in Force Advancing in Masses.

TWO BATTALIONS THROWN AWAY IN ATTACK.

War Lord's 'Memorial Leaflets' for the Dead—Germans to Bridge Aisne?

SLAUGHTER IN A BRIGADE NEAR YPRES.

Terrible sacrifices by his troops and a budget of bad news made up the Kaiser's present yesterday on his fifty-sixth birthday.

Frightful loss of life was sustained by the War Lord's soldiers in an attempt near Ypres to gain some sort of birthday "success" for their imperial master.

In dense masses, it is stated, the Germans advanced and hurled themselves on the Allies' lines, but the machine guns tore great gaps in the ranks, mowing the men down in droves.

The French official report states that the Germans lost at least two battalions in the attacks on La Bassee.

It may be that the German Staff will endeavour to bring off some birthday coup.

An Imperial German decree issued yesterday announces the distribution of memorial leaflets by the Kaiser to the relatives of all slain Prussian soldiers.

The Kaiser has approved the draft of the leaflet, which each of the families is to accept as a token of his "heartiest sympathy." The War Ministry is to see that the leaflets are circulated.

400 GERMAN DEAD LEFT ON LA BASSEE ROAD.

Enemy Aeroplane Brought Down in Lines of Belgian Army.

PARIS, Jan. 27.—The following official communiqué was issued here at noon:

In the sectors of Nieupoort and Ypres there were artillery engagements.

A German aeroplane was brought down in the lines of the Belgian Army.

The statements of prisoners established the fact that it was not a battalion, but a brigade, which attacked on the 25th our trenches to the east of Ypres.

The enemy lost through that affair the effectiveness of a battalion and a half.

It is confirmed that near La Bassee, Givenchy and Guinchy the Germans yesterday suffered a severe check on the La Bassee-Bethune road.

There the bodies of six officers and 400 men were found. The total losses of the Germans, therefore, certainly amount to the effectiveness of two battalions.

From Lens to Soissons there were artillery engagements.

In the region of Craonne we maintained our positions in the trenches recaptured by us in the course of the counter-attacks of the 25th.

In the region of Perthes-Hill 230 four violent attacks by the enemy were repulsed.

A German attack was repulsed with the bayonet.

At St. Mihiel we destroyed the enemy's new footbridges on the Meuse.

The day was calm in Lorraine and the Vosges.

—Central News.

MASSED TROOPS CUT UP.

PARIS, Jan. 27.—Soldiers who have arrived here to-day from Ypres give some details of the Germans' attack the day before yesterday near Ypres.

The Germans, they state, hurled themselves in dense masses on the Allies' lines hoping to pierce them, but the machine guns tore frightful gaps in their ranks, mowing down the advancing infantry.

have arrived at Liege from the Yser line en route for Cologne.

It is stated that the Germans are digging trenches at many places along the Rhine, including Emmerich.—Central News.

STOCKHOLM, Jan. 26.—The Russian Legation in Stockholm announces that it is authorised categorically to deny the rumours regarding the eventuality of a separate peace either between France and Germany or between Russia and Germany, spread with the object of insinuating the existence of a certain misunderstanding between England and the two other members of the Entente.

The engagements entered into in London on September 4, 1914, of complete military reciprocity, says the Legation, "completely indissoluble, the relations between Great Britain, Russia and the other Allies being closer and more cordial than ever."—Reuter.

ITALY BURNING TO SEIZE HER CHANCE.

Eager to Join Allies and Regain Provinces Held by Austria.

PARIS, Jan. 27.—M. Istrati, the former Rumanian Minister and deputy, has arrived here from Italy.

He told a representative of the *Petit Journal* that the participation of Italy in the war on the side of the Allies, in order to recapture by the force of arms the irredentist provinces, was a necessity against which there were now only very few opponents.

The partisans of neutrality, continued M. Istrati, were very numerous at the beginning. Every day sees their number decrease.

All Italy is rising unanimously and exultantly against Austria, on that point there is no possible doubt.

It is not for me to prophesy, but I ardently hope that the Government will decide to unite its action with ours.

The more powerful the forces which fall upon Austria the more rapid will be the war and the more sure its outcome.

As for Rumania, however great the skill of the former German Chancellor, Germany must reckon herself to the inevitable—that is, our intervention. I gladly authorise you to repeat that our intervention will take place in a very few weeks.

M. Istrati concluded by saying: "The defeat of the two allied Empires is the sole object towards which the efforts of Rumania and Italy must be directed."—Reuter.

The irredentist provinces are Trentino and Trieste, which are under Austrian rule, though their population is mainly Italian in race, language and sympathy. Their restoration to Italy is for the majority of Italian opinion the only basis for permanently friendly relations between Italy and Austria.

HOT FIGHT WITH REBELS AT CLOSE QUARTERS.

South African Traitors Receive Crushing Defeat at Uppington Pom-Pom's Grim Silence.

CAPETOWN, Jan. 26.—Reuter's special correspondent at Uppington telegraphs to-day that later details show that the rebels sustained an overwhelming defeat in their attack on Sunday.

A party of rebels, who crept into the upper part of Uppington on foot, resisted desperately. At close range the hottest rifle fire of the day ensued. Nine rebels were killed and many wounded, while the remainder surrendered.

Over a dozen dead gunners were found beside their pom-pom.

On the rebels' right flank there was a warm engagement, in which the rebels lost heavily, though the flanking party had to retire, as they were being shelled by a pom-pom.

One of the local rebel commandants named Stadler was seriously wounded in the fighting and about 125 unwounded prisoners were taken.

The rebels were all dressed in German uniform, and used the pointed Mauser bullet. Business proceeds at Uppington as usual.

A late Reuter message states that Commandant Stadler has died of his wounds.



Mr. Rudyard Kipling speaking yesterday at the Mansion House at a meeting called by the Lord Mayor to take steps for the formation of bands as aids for recruiting and marching.

HOW ZEPPELIN WAS SHOT DOWN AND BOMBARDED.

Crew Surrender to Russians After Short Fight—Airship Destroyed in Water.

PETERSBURG, Jan. 26.—The following account has been received here of the Zeppelin raid on Libau.

At ten o'clock on Monday morning Zeppelin No. 19 appeared over the town and dropped several bombs. It then turned away with the intention of making off towards the south, but was hit by the Russian guns, and fell into the water about a mile from the shore, near Bernatov.

A number of Russian vessels at once rushed out upon the enemy and began a furious bombardment of the Zeppelin.

The fight, however, was of short duration, and, after having replied with a few rifle shots, the crew of the Zeppelin, consisting of a captain, three officers and three sailors, gave themselves up.

An attempt was made to take the Zeppelin in tow, but this was found impossible, and the dirigible was accordingly destroyed.—Reuter's Special.

SUCCESS IN EAST PRUSSIA.

PETERSBURG, Jan. 26.—The following official communiqué was issued this evening from the Great Headquarters:—

In East Prussia: In the Pilkalen district our troops assumed the offensive yesterday and drove back the enemy towards the Matvischen-Lassen line, at many points dislodging him at the point of the bayonet from positions he had occupied.

On the right bank of the Lower Vistula isolated fighting and outpost engagements took place yesterday. Here in the Vishegrad region the fire of our artillery destroyed a military look-out post on the left bank of the Vistula.

On the left bank of the Vistula the Germans again attempted to take the offensive in the neighbourhood of the villages of Rosimoff and Gonnine, their attack being particularly fierce on the evening of the 25th and in the afternoon of the 26th, but on each occasion they were thrown back with heavy losses.

Our artillery silenced two German batteries in the vicinity of the villages of Grabiebowdy and Roud, to the north-east of Skieniewice.

In Galicia the activity of the enemy is increasing on the Iasiuk-Ujuk-Nineverstsk-Maidanka front. Along this line the enemy, in addition to artillery fire, carried out an offensive movement. He was, however, everywhere repulsed, and we captured three officers and some 300 men. Reuter.

TURKS MARCH ON SUEZ.

CAIRO, Jan. 27.—It is officially announced that fighting occurred yesterday at Al Kantara with the Turkish advanced guard.

One British officer was wounded.—Central News.

Al Kantara is east of the Suez Canal, twenty-six miles south of Port Said, and lies on the caravan route between Egypt and Syria.

TURKS HANCING BACK.

Accounts of the fighting say that a patrol was engaged with a force of Turks, says Reuter, opened fire at long range with some mountain guns.

The patrol replied with machine guns and rifle fire.

The Turks evinced no desire to come to close quarters.

Small bodies of the enemy have been seen at three other points to the east of the canal, but they did not come into contact with our forces.

A water-bird dropped bombs on the Turkish column near Bir Mubrahah, inflicting losses.

SUSPECTED SPY'S ARREST.

The military authorities at Dover last night arrested a man on suspicion of being a German spy.

The Exchange Telegraph Company's Dover correspondent says: "It is reported that a German spy was captured on the western heights last night."



NEW AIRCRAFT GUN WITH 7 BARRELS.

Weapon That Finds Own Range, and Only Needs Accurate Pointing to Hit.

DAY OF GREAT SHELLS.

"I have invented and patented a seven-barrelled gun for the purpose of destroying all kinds of airships."

So writes Mr. Hudson Maxim in an article in *Harper's Weekly* on "High Explosives in War."

With regard to this gun, he adds: "It is its own range-finder, and it is necessary only to point the gun accurately at an object in the sky in order to hit it, at any angle of elevation or at any height."

"Much," he says, "has been said about the use of high explosive bombs dropped from aeroplanes and dirigible balloons."

Not much damage can be done by the use of high explosives in this manner, for the reason that high explosives need confinement in order to do much damage.

Then there is the difficulty of hitting anything from a swiftly-moving aeroplane or balloon, while flying craft of all kinds form conspicuous targets for cannon fire.

"Flying machines, especially aeroplanes, will however, play a very important part in any explosive warfare of the future, for they will carry armies of raiders, equipped with high explosives for the destruction of bridges, arsenals and for working other damage in the inland country of an enemy."

The submarine, before the war ends, will make much new history, he says, and is destined to play a far more important part in future wars than it is playing in the present.

CANNON'S 9-MILE RANGE.

There are two kinds of explosives, Mr. Hudson Maxim writes—those which burn and those which detonate.

Gunpowder burns with a definite predetermined rate.

In our big guns, our American smokeless powder burns through about a sixteenth of an inch in thickness during the flight of the projectile through the gun, which occupies less than a fifth of a second.

Therefore, smokeless cannon powder burns at the rate of about 4 in. a second, while dynamite is consumed at the rate of about four miles a second.

Maximite, invented by me, and adopted by the United States Navy in 1901, was the first high explosive successfully to be fired through heavy armoured plate and exploded behind the plate by a safety delay-action detonating fuse.

24-INCH SIEGE GUN.

A little later the United States Government adopted my safety delay-action detonating fuse for use in high explosive projectiles.

Since that time the other nations of the world have followed suit, and the use of high explosives in all kinds of projectiles is now universal.

I delivered a lecture before the Royal United Service Institution in London, in 1897, on "A New System of Throwing High Explosives from Powder Guns."

In that lecture I showed designs of a 24-in. siege gun, with a semi-armour-piercing projectile, carrying half a ton of high explosive, and weighing, charged, 2,600 lb., and capable of being thrown by the gun at maximum elevation, with a smokeless powder charge, to a distance of more than nine miles.

The present German 24-in. siege gun, and the German high explosive projectile, are close duplicates of the gun and shell then shown by me.

DESTROY ANY WARSHIP.

Although the United States Government adopted Maximite, and although the English soon after that lecture adopted Lyddite, still the Germans are the only people who have had the sagacity to adopt my system of throwing high explosives in its entirety.

These tremendous projectiles, thrown high into the sky and plunging down, burning themselves deep in the earth, are capable of destroying any fortification or other structure made by human hands.

One of these projectiles, plunging down through the deck of any warship in the world, ensures its destruction.

With the advent of the submarine, which takes warfare under the sea, and of the aeroplane, which carries it into the sky, warfare has now been brought into three dimensions.

It is fast becoming more and more an engineering proposition, where high explosives are destined to play a more and more important part.

Few persons appreciate the dominant part which explosives play in warfare. For example, all our (American) guns and warships and arms and coast fortifications would be rendered utterly useless and impotent without gunpowder and dynamite.

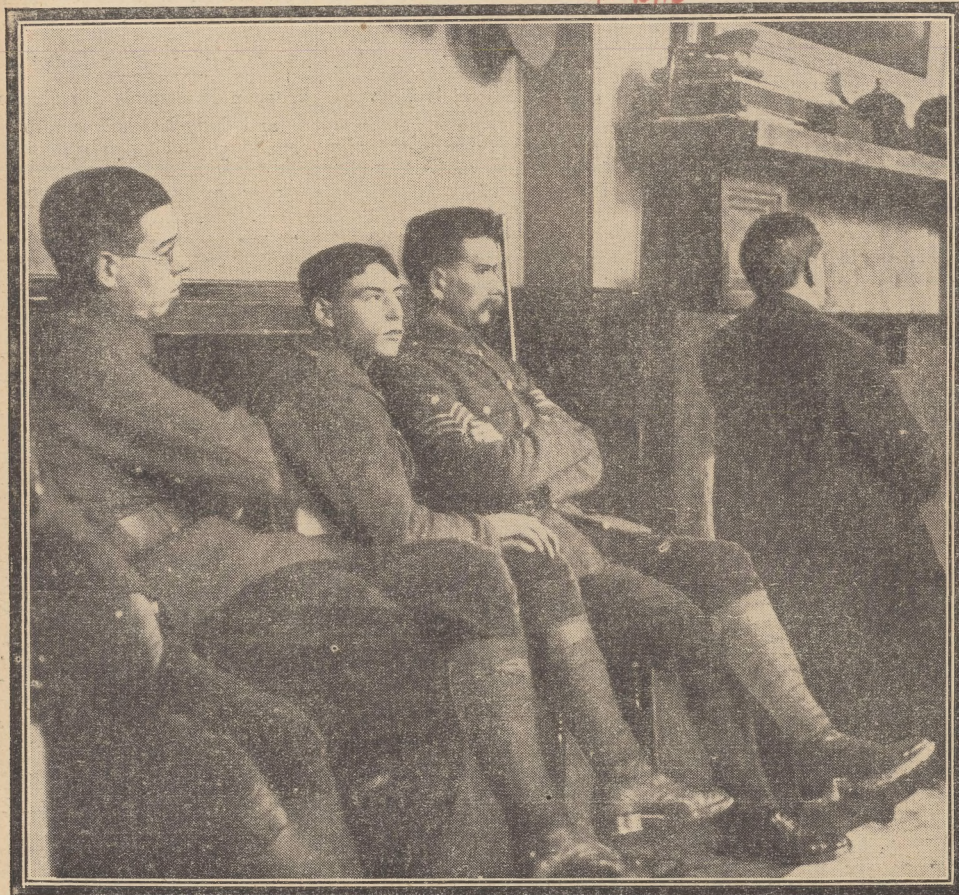
And yet, although we stand near the head of the nations in our naval equipment, still we have ten times less gunpowder on hand than any one of the other great powers.

In order to meet the immediate requirements of our navy in the event of war, we should have ten times more powder on hand.

This is all the more important from the fact that it takes at least six months for the cannon powder of our big guns to dry sufficiently for use.

TWO OFFICERS KILLED: PRIVATES ARRESTED.

P. 16915



Private Pullman.

Private Harris.

The inquest at Torquay on Tuesday on Lieutenant Hart, R.N., and Lieutenant Simpson, who were killed after sentries had stopped their motor-car. Two privates, George Harris and Donald Pullman, are under arrest in connection with the affair.

A NEW FIRELIGHT STUDY.

P. 16551 A



A firelight photograph of Miss Barbara Scott Makdougall, who will be married to-day to Sir George Duckworth King, Bart., Grenadier Guards.

TWO GALLANT SOLDIERS.

P. 16926



Gunner G. L. Pond, R.F.A., has received the D.C.M. for conspicuous gallantry at Vendresse. He helped to save guns.



Corporal Enticott, who received the D.C.M. for remaining under fire at Klein Zillebeke, when his troop retired.

A HUN'S NARROW ESCAPE.

P. 11908 M



A Mauser rifle that was shattered by shrapnel in the hands of a German soldier, who, however, was unhurt.



H.P. Sauce

Made in England but
enjoyed all over the
world.

The flavour of H.P. is
so delicious, and so
different from any other
sauce you have tried
before.



TO READERS "RUN DOWN" HOW TO GROW FIT.

Are you one of the many people who complain of being "run down"? Are your muscles flabby and your nerves "on edge"? Do you feel greatly depressed and are you restless at nights and unrefreshed by sleep? Do you find yourself exhausted and trembling after any mental and physical exertion—with a dull pain in your back? If so, you are feeling the protest of nerves that are weak and in distress. Your nerves are not receiving full nourishment because your blood is too poor, too impure to perform its duty. You need Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, because they create new, strong blood that imparts "tone" to weak nerves. Remember this important fact, and begin taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to-day, for delay may result in Nervous Breakdown.

New Strength, Pure Blood, and Sound Nerves follow the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, which as a nerve and blood tonic have achieved thousands of cures of General Weakness, Neuralgia, Neurasthenia, and Nervous disorders. Price 2s. 9d. one box, or 13s. 9d. for six, post free from Dr. Williams' Co., 46 Holborn Viaduct, London. Also of dealers, but ask plainly for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and never accept substitutes.

FREE.—The Book on the Nerves. Write a postcard to-day, with your name and address, to Post Dept., 46 Holborn Viaduct, for this book.—(Advt.)

Calox

THE OXYGEN TOOTH POWDER

There is nothing better than Calox as a safeguard of the teeth. The oxygen which Calox liberates in use finds its purifying, cleansing way into all the crevices which otherwise would go uncleaned.

Calox removes the cause of tooth decay: it cleanses the mouth and teeth of all destructive germs, prevents tartar deposit, and imparts to the teeth that brilliant lustre and whiteness so admired.

Test Calox Free

We shall be glad to send you a free sample on receipt of postcard with name and address. Sold ordinarily by Chemists, 114. Everywhere.

With the Calox Tooth Brush you can clean every part of every tooth. Price 1/-.

G. B. KENT & SONS, LD.,
75, Farringdon Road, London, E.C.

WOUNDED HEROES SENT TO SCHOOL AND TAUGHT NEW TRADES.



Fretwork with a foot-lathe.



A one-armed gardener.



A lesson in knitting.

In the Military Hospital at St. Elme wounded French soldiers who will not again be able to follow their old callings are taught new trades.

FAMOUS SPORT IN THE TAY: SALMON FISHING IS ONCE MORE IN FULL SWING IN SCOTLAND.



A fine prize.



Quite busy now in the Tay of Perth.



Safely gaffed.

The war has not put a stop to salmon fishing in Scotland, where already many well-known people are enjoying excellent sport in the swiftly-flowing Tay. Several of the anglers are

sending their fish direct to hospitals where there are wounded soldiers and sailors.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

BRITISH TROOPS ADVANCING FROM SOMEWHERE TO SOMEWHERE IN FACE OF THE ENEMY.



These British troops are seen working their way very carefully and skilfully through undulating country broken by woodland. German outposts were suspected to be in hiding

amongst the woods. A bald official account of this movement simply describes it as an "advance."

Daily Mirror

THURSDAY, JANUARY 28, 1915.

"STRONG AND FIRM GUIDANCE."

IT IS STRANGE that still, after nearly six months of war, the argument about what led us into war should be going on; which is to say that the neutrality of Belgium should still be a matter for controversy. The constant appeals from Germany to America are to blame for this prolongation of the now sufficiently settled question; but one point in connection with it has not been fully brought out, and that is the almost comic manner in which Germany ignores the Belgian point of view in dealing with the neutrality of Belgium.

No one in Germany seems to consider for a moment that the question of Belgian neutrality could be in the least affected by the attitude of Belgium herself. For Germany, it is all a question of what the big Powers were up to. England was going to invade Belgium, or France was going to "ha k her way through"—though indeed she had promised not to. In such circumstances, the one who gets there first . . . you know the old maxim of "necessity." And the Bernard Shaw argument is once more produced—Belgian neutrality didn't exist, because, don't you see, if Germany hadn't gone there, somebody else would.

Apart from the analogy of 1870, when nobody went there, which entirely falsifies this assumption of the inevitability of the attack upon Belgium, it is very instructive to observe how the fact that Belgium herself desperately resisted the German advance, and made a "supreme appeal" to us to keep our bond, weighs as nothing with the Germans. What on earth could Belgium know about what was good for her? What nonsense! Quite a small country! And a country too already marked down as naturally German—Germans everywhere there—Germans in Antwerp—Germans in Brussels—Germans intermarrying with Belgians. Obviously, this little neutral country had been, as it were, conveniently netted—was caught tight in the toils. The others might protest, possibly; but what earthly expectation was there that Belgium wouldn't trust the often proved word of a German and recognise the need to be invaded at the right moment?

Such was and is the view of official Germany, and we call it "instructive" because it reveals to us, in epitome, all that calculation upon obedience which marks the German official class.

We are never tired of quoting that memorable passage in Prince Bülow's "Imperial Germany" (pp. 7 and 8 in the one volume English version) where, with his amazing self-satisfaction, the author talks of the entire German race as though they were sheep. "The German, of whatever stock he be, has always accomplished his greatest works under strong, steady and firm guidance, and has seldom done well without such guidance, or in opposition to the Government and rulers." Exactly: no "liberalism" in the Fatherland! And are not the Germans the "salt of the earth"? Well, then, if they do everything they're told, surely little people like the Belgians—living in a tiny country—ought to obey too.

It is this point of view—this sheepish docility led by unscrupulous ambition—that nothing but defeat will uproot from the German mind. Like sheep, the Germans followed the firm and strong guidance of Bülow or Bethmann Hollweg. And like sheep too—according to the destiny of sheep—they move obediently to be slaughtered under the same guidance, equally strong and firm. W. M.

"Daily Mirror Reflections of War and Peace," being Vol. VII. of Mr. W. K. Haselden's cartoons, is just out. It contains more than 100 of the best of them, including many of the series of Big and Little Willies. There could be no better present for people at home or at the front. It costs 6d. net, at all newsagents and book-stalls.

LOOKING THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

"TAKEN BY SURPRISE."

A GERMAN SQUADRON leaves harbour, evidently for a raid on our coast, accompanied by light cruisers and torpedo-destroyers—presumably as scouts—and then the German Press says they were "taken by surprise."

Surely even a German could not quite swallow that. N. O. (Retired).
Broadstairs.

"TOMMY" AND THE LANGUAGES.

I READ with interest the correspondence about British "Tommy's" and the French languages, and it might interest any intending recruits that we of the Southdown Battalions of the Royal

I should be very much obliged, therefore, if I could use your paper as a medium to thank the donor of a black scarf which one man has received, and which bears the inscription, "From Sylvia Wade, aged eight."

R. H. SKEATES, R.N.
Drake Batt., 1st N. Brigade.

"MOTHER" NATURE.

YOUR sentimental correspondent, "Perdita," will make the old mistake of personifying nature. She sees this process as a person—a "pure and patient" person (feminine) with open arms.

Where is this person, "Perdita"? Do teach us to find her. We don't seem to see her in an

CHILDREN AND WAR.

What Some of the Younger Generation Think About It.

TAKING IT SERIOUSLY.

THERE SEEMS to be some disagreement as to whether children should or should not take the war seriously.

One of our readers seems to be pleased that his children make the war a pretext for fine games with toy soldiers.

I can only say that my experience is different. My little boy and girl were very eager at once to give up many little pleasures and their pocket-money for the soldiers, and the boy (who is a scout) has been working hard without pay ever since. I do not think children need be distressed about the war. I think they ought to take it seriously. H. D. Retford, Notts.

HE WANTS A CHANCE.

MY BOY—aged ten—wanted "the war to go on a long while" the other day.

I was shocked and asked him why.

"Because I want to have a chance later on."

It is a little hard on the others that they should have to go on till he becomes the right age for enlisting! C. G. Cork-street, W.

KNITTING AT SCHOOL.

AN AMAZING spectacle and one that could never have been foreseen is presented by our school now. All the boys are knitting—it is a school of knitters.

As a schoolmaster, I should have considered this foolish—"molly-coddish"—before the war. Now I consider it to be the right thing.

Boys are very conventional in their own way, and I fancy that one of the main effects of the war upon the younger generation will be to make it less fussy about small things.

The mood produced by this war in my boys is that they all want to be of use, to do something worth doing. The childishness of games is giving way, and the rifle corps is preferred. That has been noted already by several of our correspondents. But, altogether apart from that, I observe that the old slackness about many things is disappearing.

I hope that schoolmasters all over England will be ready to meet and understand the new attitude in boys. They want to be told more about the modern world, which they will soon be making and moulding, and to give less time to dictionaries and grammars—purely artificial things to the young. C. N. Eastbourne.

CHILDREN AND FRENCH

I HAVE read with interest the discussions on this subject for some time, and I quite agree with your correspondent that the Parisian accent is the best, but this is not to be obtained in England.

When abroad I never open a French grammar, but in England I have lessons three times a week from a Parisian, and I think I may truthfully say that, as far as accent goes, I speak like a native. I put down, not to the lessons, but to my yearly stay in the country of our Allies.

A FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLD SCHOOLGIRL.

IN MY GARDEN.

JAN. 27.—The first snowdrops (galanthus) are now in bloom. It is impossible to have too many of these bulbs in a garden for few flowers are more welcome early in the year. They do not thrive in all gardens. It is best to give them a fairly light, moist soil to grow in.

Nivalis, the single and double forms, are the snowdrops usually seen, but Elwesii (a large globular flower) and whitalli (a very handsome and handsome variety) must also be cultivated. E. F. T.

EXTRACTS FROM BIG WILLIE'S SPEECHES—No. 6.

"TO BE CURED OF PRESUMPTION IS A LESSON OF WHICH WE ALL STAND IN NEED"



The art of growing modest has not yet been learnt by the Willies. It looks as though they would have to acquire it at painful cost to themselves.—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

Sussex Regiment have the opportunity to master the French language in our spare moments after parade.

Some local ladies have opened up a French class and supply all books and a good many of our boys are now attempting to acquire the correct Parisian accent in readiness for the time when we move across the water.

We have still a few vacancies for lads who would like to be trained to be able to give Kaiser Bill a nice birthday present, so any Sussex lad who is looking for a decent regiment to join couldn't do better than join us, and couple a good military training with a good French education. R. W.

AGAIN NO ADDRESSES.

DURING A RECENT distribution of woollen goods received here from Queen Mary's Fund we came across many little scraps of paper bearing the names of the kind people who had made and given the presents, but owing to the fact that no addresses were enclosed it is impossible to thank these people personally, as we should have liked to have done.

earthquake, or even in your terrier yapping after a rabbit. R. M. Camden-hill, N.W.

A SONG OF MEMORY.

Come, you whose loves are dead,
And, while I sing,
Weep, and wring
Every hand, and every head
Bred with cyress and yew;
Ribbons black and candles blue
For him that was of men most true!

Come with heavy moaning,
And on his grave
Let him have
Sacrifice of sighs and groaning:
Let him have fair flowers snow,
White and purple, green and yellow,
For him that was of men most true!
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

It is heaven upon earth to have a man's mind move in charity, rest in providence and turn upon the poles of truth.—Bacon.

For Hands, Skin and Complexion

In all weathers, the skin and complexion can be kept wonderfully clear and soft by the regular use of Icilma Cream.

At night—apply to face, neck, arms and hands before retiring and leave on till morning. During the day—use a little before going out and on coming in. The result of this simple treatment will please and surprise you—and no other toilet cream can do more for you, no matter what it cost.

The only toilet cream containing the marvelously beautifying Icilma Natural Water. Fragrant and non-greasy. Use it daily and look your best.



**Icilma
Cream**

(Guaranteed not to grow hair).

1/- and 1/6 per pot everywhere. Icilma is pronounced Eye-Silma.

FREE TRIAL. On receipt of 2d. in stamps to cover cost of postage and packing we will send toilet outfit containing FOUR of the famous Icilma Toilet Preparations together with a useful Book on Beauty. Icilma Company, Ltd. (Dept. B.), 37, 39, 41, King's Road, St. Pancras, London, N.W.

LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

AMBASSADORS.—Mads, Delysia, Hanako, Sim, Carroll, Sallott, Nussie, Playfair, Norton in Harry Grafton's Revue, "ODDS AND ENDS," at 9. Preceded by Hanako in "Odds" at 8.30. Mats. To-day and Sat. 8.30.
DALYS, Leicester-square.—TONIGHT, at 8. Mats. Weds. and Sat. 8.30. Tel. Gerrard 9513.
GLOBE.—At 8.30. Mats. Weds. Sat. 8.30.
HAYMARKET.—At 8.30 and 9. THE FLORID LIEUTENANT. ALLAN AYNESWORTH, ELLIS JEFFREYS, GODFREY TEARLE. Mats. Weds. Thurs. Sats. Prices 1s to 7s 6d.
HIS MAJESTY'S.—DAVID COPPERFIELD. HERBERT TRILL. EVELYN MILLARD. Evenings, at 8. Matinees, Weds. and Sats., at 2.
KINGSWAY.—THE DYNASTY, by Thomas Hardy. Saturday Next at 2.30 and 8.
SPECIAL PERFORMANCES.—Two Mats. Two Evenings. CARLO LITEN in LE CLOUTIER, by Emile Verhaeren. TO-DAY and TOMORROW, at 2.30 and 8.30.
LONDON OPERA HOUSE, Kingsway, W.C.—GRAND PANTOMIME, ALADDIN. Twice Daily, 1.30 and 7.30. War Prices. "The Time of the Great War." The Dispatch says: "One of the best in London."
LYRIC THEATRE, THE Gaiety.—THE 6th and 7th. To-day, at 2.30. Evenings (Mondays excepted), at 8.30. Mats. Mon., Weds. Thurs. and Sats., at 2.30.
PALLADIUM.—PANTOMIME. Daily, 2.35. DICK WHITTINGTON. Matinees only, at 1.50. Brightest and Funniest. LAST 3 PERFORMANCES. ROYALTY. THE MAN WHO STAYED AT HOME. TO-DAY, 2.30 and 8.15. MAT. THURS. SATS. 2.30.
SCALA.—KINEMACOLOR, TWICE DAILY, 2.30 and 7.30. WITH THE LITTLE FOLK OF THE EMERALD. ANIMATED WAR MAP. Exploits of the "EMERALD." A New Play, by Rudolf Besier. EVENINGS, at 8.30. GEORGE ALEXANDER. MATINEES, Weds., Sat., at 2.30. Box-offices, Ger. 3903.
SHAFESBURY.—LAST 3 PERFORMANCES. HARRY V. TO-DAY, at 2 and 8. Mats. To-day and Sat., at 2. MISTRESS WILFUL. To-night, at 8. FRED TERRY. Matinees, Weds. and Sat., at 2.30. Tel. Ger. 3830.
VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.—At 8.30. OUR BOYS. Preceded, at 8.15 and 8.30, by "A Man of Ideas."
MATINEES, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.30.
ALHAMBRA.—THE ALHAMBRA REVUE. Varieties, 8. Revue, 8.30. Mats. Weds. and Sats. 2.30.
HIPPORHOMES.—DAILY, at 2.30 and 8.30. New Revue. BUSINESS AS USUAL. FOLK LOANING. LITTLE MORE. CHRISTINE SILVER. HARRY TATE. MORRIS HARRY. AMBROSIO. THE LITTLE FOLK. RUTH VIN. CENT. HETTY KING. MAIDIE SCOTT, and H. B. IRVING. In "Story of Waterloo," etc.
MASKELINE.—THE DEVANT'S MYSTERIES, St. George's Hall, W.—DAILY, at 2.30 and 7.30. Seats 1s to 5s.
CONVALESCENT SOLDIERS and SAILORS FREE.
PHILHARMONIC HALL.—H. C. KNOWLES will Lecture Twice Daily, at 8 and 8. IMPERIAL DANCE in Kinema-color, compiled by Charles Urban. Prices, 1s. to 5s. Mayfair 680 and 3003.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH.—Teeth at hospital prices, weekly if desired. Call or write, Sec. 4, Oxford-st., Marble Arch. Tele. Mayfair 5593.

PERSONAL.

A. J. E.—Come home or write. Mother dreadfully worried. ICEBERG.—Everything about. Can you arrange letter? Important.
"FORGET-ME-NOT" Winner—Miss Dixon, 17, Whyburn-st. Hucksall.
HAIR permanently removed from face with electricity. Ladies only.—Florence Wood, 105, Regent-st., W.

DAILY BARGAINS.

Rate, 2s. 6d. per line; minimum, 2 lines.
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A BABY'S Long Clothe Set: 50 pieces, 21s.; shapes, style and work perfection; supreme value; genuinely high quality; commendation and delight everywhere; instant approval.—Mrs. Max. The Chase, Nottingham.
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A CUTLERY SERVICE, 50 pieces, 25s., celebrated outfit, everything required, perfectly new, approx.—Mrs. Rowles 58, Second-avenue, Manor Park, Essex.
ARISTO Daily China—100 perfect pieces 21s., complete dining dinner set for 12, tea and breakfast set for 12, hot-water jug, teapot, and a set of 3 jugs; all to match; each piece thin and beautifully finished; write for free catalogue.—Vincent Fine Art Pottery, 25, Burslem.
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ARTIFICIAL Teeth bought, any condition; 1s. per platinum pinned tooth on vulcanite, 4s. each on silver, 8s. each on gold, 16s. each on platinum; immediate cash; strictly genuine.—Call or post 1, Rayburn and Co., 105, Market-st., Manchester. Bankers, Lloyds.
A NY old False Teeth Bought, any kind, 1s. 3d. per tooth.
ARTIFICIAL Teeth (old) Bought; call or forward by post; utmost value paid; work of good make.—Messrs. Browning, 63, Oxford-st., London. Estab. 100 years.
A 5s. 6d. per tooth; silver, 10s.; gold, 12s. 6d.; platinum, 15s.; immediate cash or offers—Call or post, mention "Daily Mirror." Messrs. Page, 219, Oxford-st., London. Estab. 150 years.
CASH by Return for old Jewellery, artificial teeth (any condition), watches, silver and plated articles, curios, Stanley and Co., 35, Oxford-st., London.
CLOTHES—Uniforms, Teeth, Jewellery, etc.; best prices; buyers offered free; cash by return for parcels.—Messrs. 93, Notting Hill-gate, W. Phone 1945 Park.
GENT'S, Ladies' Left-off Clothes; old false teeth; good pieces.—Great Central Stores, 24, High Holborn, W.C.
SCRAP Platinum, Gold, Dental Alloy and Silver purchased for cash; highest prices by return.—Fraser's Unwashed, Ltd., 2, Princess Street, Unwashed, London. U.P. to 25 may be obtained for any Old Teeth you have. Co., 295, Abchurch-lane, London, N.

GARDENING.

Rate, 2s. 6d. per line; minimum, 2 lines.
SEEDS—Free trial packets, with bargain lists Seed Potatoes, Roses, Bulbs, Plants, Fruit Trees; cash or easy terms.—A. Lighton, 57, Kirtton, Boston.
S—STANDARD ROSES—1000—1 Lady 10/0, 1 Lady 5/-, 1 Hillingdon, 1 Prince de Bulgarie, 1 George Dickson, 1 Caroline Testout, 1 Mrs. R. G. Sharman Crawford; the 6 Roses, named, well packed, 5s.—G. F. Lettis, Rose Grower, 139, Hadleigh, Suffolk.
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T—1000 Orange, 100 Black, 100 Yellow—6000 Seeds of Giant-flowering Sweet Peas; named, separate, post free, 1s. 6d.; quantity, post free, 7 stamps; sent in boxes, G. F. Lettis, Seed Grower, 139, Hadleigh, Suffolk.

"Cadbury's" MILK Chocolate and a piece of bread



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SITUATIONS VACANT.

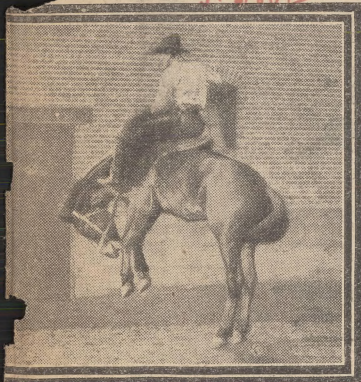
A. Can you sketch? If so, you can make money by it.—Stamp for booklet, T. Howard, 11, Red Lion-sq., W.C.
A REPRESENTATIVE is wanted by an important company to a suitable person the remuneration will be liberal.—Address W. 1322, "Daily Mirror," 23-29, Boulevard-street, E.C.

WANTED.—Boys and Youths can earn from 10s. to 15s. per week at very light work for many months to come.—Apply personally, between 9 a.m. and 5 p.m., to Mr. Fletcher, Room V4, Outcast Warehouse, Houndsditch, E.

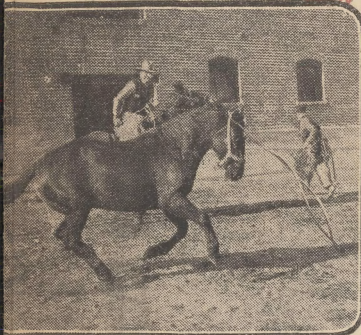
MISCELLANEOUS.

CORNS Destroyed in 5 days by Needham's Corn Silk, 7d. Needham's, 297, Edgware-rd., London, W.
DEAR—So many have successfully used Millerot Tablets to cure deafness, head noises and catarrhal conditions of the upper air passages that I have decided to send the prescription to any sufferer on receipt of stamp.—Mr. D. Amery, 139, Easton-rd., N.W.
DRINK Habit Cured secretly, quick, certain, cheap; trial free, privately. Fleet Drug, 211 Co., 6, Dorset-st., E.C.
How to Cure Nervous Breakdown.—If you have wrecked your nerves by overwork or worry, and you feel weak, write for my treatise on "Nervous Breakdown." If you feel mentally upset, depressed or suffer from neurasthenia, it will teach you more in 5 minutes than you will gain in years by experience.—Address Charles Gordon (Dep. M.), 60, Great Russell-st., Bradford, Yorks.
EDUCATION for Young Women in Trouble received with kind, motherly care.—Maternity Hospitals, Stratham and Clumwell; resident midwives, with medical attendance; terms moderate.—Write to Mission of Hope, Brighton-chambers, 32, Denman-st., London Bridge, S.E.

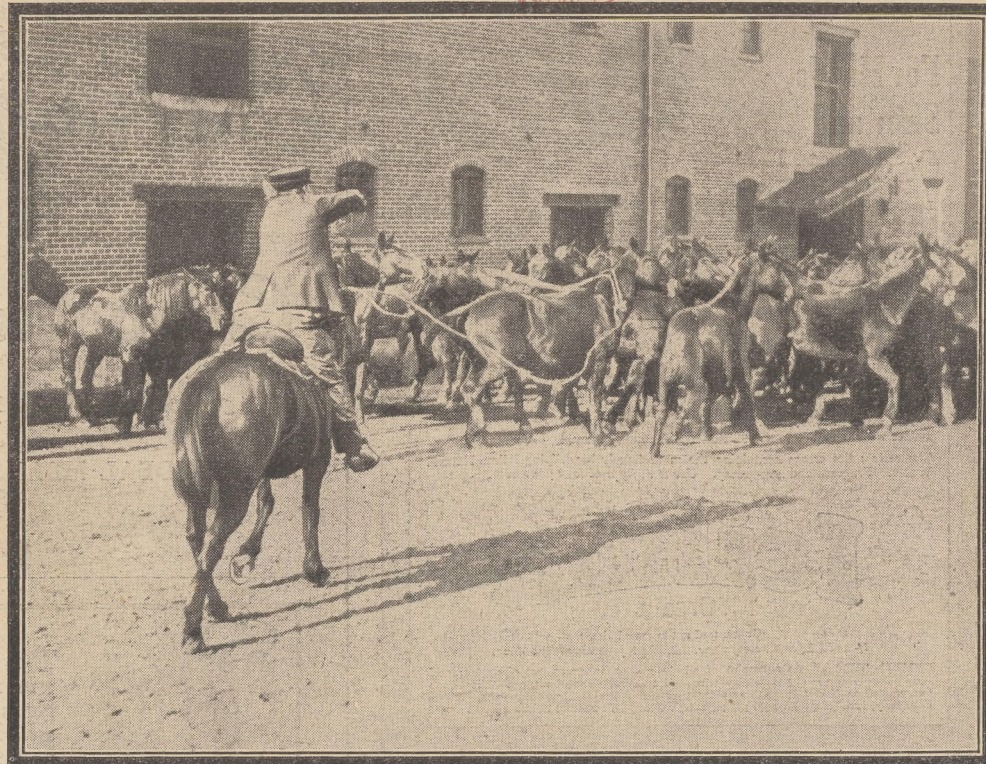
JUMPERS! BREAKING IN HORSES FOR THE BRITISH ARMY.



This one thought he was already in Berlin.



Roping a likely fellow.

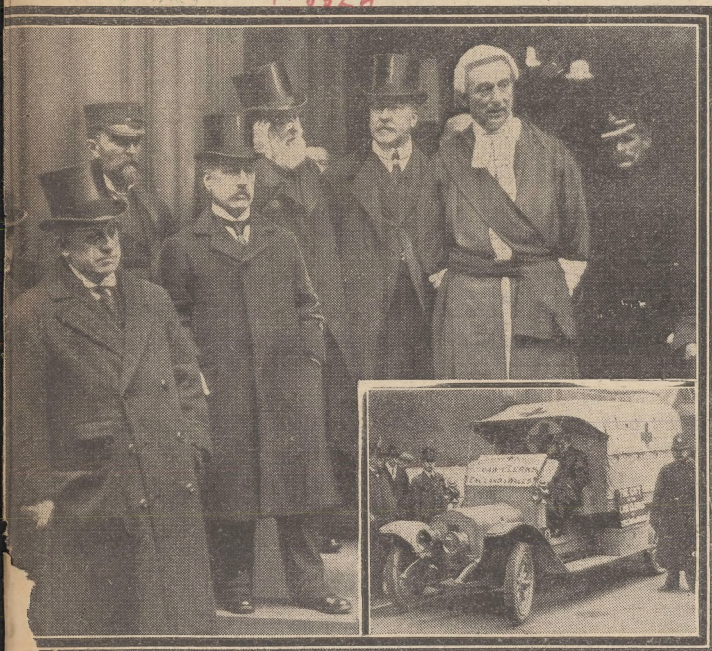


Roping an unbranded one.

Canadian "cowboys" have had a very busy time of late training droves of "wild" horses so they must behave when they join the British Army. These horses are magnificent

animals, and, once they are trained, make splendid cavalry chargers. The Uhlans will know all about them presently.

LAW CLERKS GIVE AMBULANCE TO THE RED CROSS.



The Hon. Charles Russell.

The Lord Chief Justice.

Lord Chief Justice, Lord Reading, presenting a motor-ambulance to the Red Cross Society at the Quadrangle yesterday. The Hon. Charles Russell, the son of a former Lord Chief Justice, led the ambulance, which was presented by the Law Clubs of England and Wales. The ambulance is seen in the small picture.

KAISER VISITS HIS NAVAL WOUNDED.



The Kaiser, in naval uniform, leaving a hospital at one of the German naval bases during the earlier stages of the war, where he visited the men who were wounded in the Bight of Heligoland battle.

DO NOT OMIT TO FOLLOW UP THIS STORY.

JUST LIKE OTHER MEN

The Cross Currents of a Girl's Love.

By ALEXANDER CRAWFORD



"She is a woman, therefore, may be won."

New Readers Begin Here.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.
JEAN DELAVAL, a charming, clear-headed, sincere girl of twenty-four.
LIONEL CRAVEN, a straightforward young Englishman of twenty-eight.
ASHLEY CRESWICK, his half-brother. He is a moneylender.
FAY CRESWICK, Ashley's wife. A shrewd, hard scheming woman.
DEREK TRENCH, Lionel Craven's friend and partner.

LIONEL CRAVEN, on board a liner coming over from South America, had been dreaming of a girl on board who interests him profoundly. He does not know anything about her—not even her name. But day after day he has become more thrilled with her beauty and personality. His day-dreams are interrupted by Derek Trench. "I've found out all about her," he says excitedly. "Her name is Jean Delaval, and she is one of the Delavals of Delaval. You know the sort of thing poor and proud. She is a governess to the Hostens and has refused an offer of marriage from young Heppstein, who is heir to millions. She is coming back to her father, who is very ill. Lionel Craven is very silent. Then he tells Derek that he has fallen whole-heartedly in love with the girl. Derek Trench contrives to introduce them.

At first Jean Delaval cannot make Lionel Craven out. It seems to her that he is making friends too quickly—that he holds her friendship too cheaply. Lionel eventually convinces Jean Delaval of his sincerity.

One night, when they are near Madeira, Lionel asks Jean Delaval to marry him. "I love you—I love you," he says. "It is impossible," she cries tremulously. "You hardly know me." Lionel pleads passionately, and the girl, who knows that in him she has met the one man amongst all men for her, finally consents. They are forced to say good-bye to each other at Southampton for a time.

Lionel goes straight to Ashley Cresswick in Kensington. Lionel tries to borrow £5,000 from him for business purposes, but meets with a rebuff. Fay comes in. Laughingly, she says that she must take her husband away for a minute. Lionel is left in the library.

When husband and wife are together she asks him what it is that Lionel wants. Ashley Cresswick tells her. "You must be mad," his wife says. "Ashley Cresswick is a practical one, but he has robbed Lionel of his inheritance. He thinks it better to get Lionel out of the country again. He adds that the only one who knows about the will is a bedridden old man named Delaval, who has a daughter named Jean.

As they are talking a maid brings a card in. "A Miss Delaval to see Mr. Cresswick," she says, and adds, "She is in the library."

The situation is a critical one, but by clever manoeuvring Fay gets Lionel into another room. She learns from him with a shock that he is engaged to a Miss Jean Delaval.

For a heated interview with Ashley Cresswick Jean promises to pay off her father's debt in a month. After writing to Lionel and breaking off the engagement, she sends a cable to young Heppstein saying that she will marry him if he will lend her £5,000 for a month. He replies that he is coming over at once. In the meantime, old Delaval tells Jean that he holds a secret which will ruin Cresswick. "Find a man named Lionel Craven," he cries.

One day, when she and Lionel are out motor-ing, two men pass them. One of them stops and says, "That girl in the car is my wife!"

A STRANGE MEETING.

A man who had stopped so suddenly at the sight of the car which passed him picked up a leather case he had dropped and, turning back unceremoniously on his companion, placed his steps hurriedly to the spot where the strangers had pulled up.

"You'll miss your train, Paul," the other man called out.

"I can catch the next," replied the other, without turning his head. "You needn't wait." The man called Paul walked quickly at first, but when he saw that the tall man was getting out of the car, he slackened his speed and backed cautiously to the hedgerow, watching. He was near enough to see plainly everything that passed, and he noted Lionel's appearance with a kind of feverish curiosity.

"I shall know him again," he muttered. "Now, is she stopping or is she going on?"

The chauffeur continued to sit rigidly at his wheel, and the man who watched them smiled rather grimly when he made up his mind that the lady was going to wait until her escort returned.

Remaining, therefore, only a minute or two to again, to stop suddenly once more when he saw the chauffeur turn round and touch his cap. The lady had evidently given him some instructions, for he dismounted from his seat and crossed the road. This was better and better; (translation, dramatic, and all other rights secured).

she was alone now, and the man advanced confidently.

Fay Cresswick was intent on the task of undoing the fastenings of the lunch-basket, and at first failed to notice the hard staring of the stranger who passed within a few feet of her, but when, half-consciously, she became aware that he had disappeared, and there was not a soul in sight but the man who was now lounging familiarly on the door.

The first impression she received was of a man who had come to beg, and it was sufficiently alarming to a woman, felt defenceless in a solitary road to make her feel a tinge of fear. If Walters, the chauffeur, had been within hail she would have called him back; but he, too, had disappeared, and there was not a soul in sight but the man who was now lounging familiarly on the door.

"What do you want?" she asked sharply. "So it is you, then?" the man replied with a curious smile. He was shabbily dressed, but he spoke like a gentleman.

Mrs. Cresswick's blood seemed to freeze within her veins, and for a moment even she, with all her readiness of wit and resource, could find nothing to say. He waited for her reply. There was no help for her, no possibility of a diversion. Through all that lonely landscape there came no sight of a human being except the man before her, and no sound but the quick beating of her own heart.

"If anything would make me believe I had made a mistake," said the man, "it would be that you don't seem to talk quite so much as

PRIME MINISTER'S SON.



Lieutenant Cyril Asquith, son of the Prime Minister, who recently received a commission in the Queen's Westminster Rifles.

you used to." He spoke easily and naturally, with the confidence of one who had her in his power.

"You!" she gasped at last. "You, alive!" "So it seems, my dear Fay. This is really rather a romantic meeting after so many years. I'm glad to see things seem to have prospered with you."

"But," said Fay, the panic showing clearly on her white face, "they told me—they told me you were dead."

"Did they, really? How my poor little wife must have suffered, and how hard she must have tried to find news of me!"

"Why do you come to me now? Why can't you leave me alone? What?" His tone altered suddenly from the biting, sarcastic pleasantry to burning anger. Fay could see the fierce jealousy working on his face, but she preferred the mood now that the first shock was over.

"No one," she said. "A boy who came back from abroad last week. A friend of—" She checked herself in time.

CLEANSES YOUR HAIR, MAKES IT BEAUTIFUL.

It becomes thick, wavy, lustrous, and all dandruff disappears.

Try a "Danderine Hair Cleanse" if you wish to immediately double the beauty of your hair. Just moisten a cloth with Danderine and draw it carefully through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. This will cleanse the hair of dust, dirt or any excessive oil—in a few minutes you will be amazed. Your hair will be wavy, fluffy and abundant, and possess an incomparable softness, lustre and luxuriance. Besides beautifying the hair, one application of Danderine dissolves every particle of dandruff; invigorates the scalp, stopping itching and falling hair.

Danderine is to the hair what fresh showers of rain and sunshine are to vegetation. It goes right to the roots, invigorates and strengthens them. Its exhilarating, stimulating and life-producing properties cause the hair to grow long, strong and beautiful. You can surely have pretty, soft, lustrous hair, and lots of it, if you will just get a 1s. 1½d. bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any chemist and try it as directed. (Adv.)

"A friend of whom?" asked the man at her side.

"Oh, no one you know! Tell me what you want, quickly."

"I want half an hour's talk with you." "But you can't here. They'll be back presently."

"I don't care where, my fine lady, but I want that talk and I'm going to get it. Leave the car and walk down the road with me."

"How can I leave the car in a deserted road? My chauffeur will be back in a minute and then I can."

"Oh! Your chauffeur, is it? This is more and more interesting. Very well, that'll do. See me on the common behind the mill."

He turned and left her, white and trembling, sauntering slowly to the rendezvous he had suggested, but, a sudden suspicion crossing his mind, he took a notebook from his pocket and jotted down the number of the car.

"Her car!" he said quietly to himself. "Well, that'll find her if she slips off."

But Fay didn't slip off. The thought crossed her mind perhaps when Walters came back. It would have been easy to take him to take the car a mile or two down the road, or, leaving Lionel to get back to town as best he could, to have travelled home by some circuitous route.

Fay, however, terrified into one of the man who had ordered her so insolently to leave her car and go with him was still strong upon her, and something had snapped the high courage which, with all her faults, Fay was seldom deficient in. To-day, however, she stepped into the road and hurried back in the direction of the windmill.

"DO YOUR WORST."

FOR a few minutes she had the wild hope that Paul had not waited for her, as there was no sign of a living being in the deserted corner of the common whither he had directed her, but, as she peered fearfully behind the clumps of hawthorns, his gruff voice called her by name and she turned to meet him.

He was a man of heavy build, foreign in appearance and manner, but that smelt handsome in some former period before dissipation had coarsened him. The thick bull-neck and the fierce, up-twisted moustache gave a fictitious impression of brutal strength which might easily have terrified some women who did not see the weakness of the lower face.

But Fay knew him too well to feel physical terror, and as she faced him she felt that smelt handsome in some former period before dissipation had coarsened him. The thick bull-neck and the fierce, up-twisted moustache gave a fictitious impression of brutal strength which might easily have terrified some women who did not see the weakness of the lower face.

"I mustn't stay here long," she said. Her heart was still clutching her in the throat, but she made a brave show. "What do you want with me?"

"I haven't said yet I wanted anything. Why did you leave me?"

"Because you were a contemptible blackguard, Paul. I was a faithful wife to you. If you remember, you first played me false and then you struck me. No man will ever have the chance of doing either of those things to me twice. I was doing my reasons; there would be others now."

"Rubbish! All that fuss for one little slip! Men always make slips."

"Really, Mr. Schroder, I can't stand here discussing the nature of men. I ask you what you want with me. If it is that I should return to you, then, no, most emphatically."

"Wouldn't it be as well to wait until I asked you?"

"You want something. What is it? Money?"

"I want the child."

"It's out of the question."

"You're bound to give him up—that's the law."

"The law had better find him, then."

"I'll show you up if you don't."

"I'll go through torture before I give him up to a brute like you!"

The man stood irresolute. "That's final, then?"

"Final."

"You're bringing it on yourself. I don't want to interfere with your game. You're nothing to me now. Let me have the child and I'll never cross your path again. I won't even defend a divorce if you want your freedom."

It was Fay's turn to hesitate, and she stood there torn between her passion for safety and luxury and her love for her child, but the mother in her triumphed.

"Never!" she said, firmly. "You can do your worst, Paul."

Schroder looked at his wife. He didn't know what to make of the strange look that came over her face, but he saw the dangerous glint in her eyes, and he was terribly afraid of her. He turned to go. She stood rigidly watching him, then he hesitated and came back.

"Fay," he said, beseechingly.

"Well?" The indifference had to be forced.

"Tell me how the little chap is."

"Very well indeed."

"Is he all right? You haven't run away from him, now?"

"He's all I care about in the world. There's no fear of that."

"Thank Heaven for that, anyway." The silence became painful.

"Please go away now, Paul," she said more gently, "and remember that if you hurt me you strike at the child."

"I can make enough to keep you both, Fay—not in this style, of course, but better than it

(Continued on page 11.)

Are you troubled by Eczema or Pimples



Are you worried day and night by itching, burning eczema? Are you distressed by ugly pimples, face spots or a rash? If so, remember you need not suffer in this way. Antezema immediately stops all irritation, soothes the inflamed skin like a magic, ends your trouble once and for all, and makes your skin soft as silk.

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All chemists and stores, also Boots, Lewis and Burrows, Taylor's Drug Co., Timothy White's and Clarke's, supply Antezema in 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. per bottle, or direct post free in plain wrapper, 1s. 3d. and 2s. 9d.

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6 Cubes 6d.
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WITHOUT DRUGS. Such remedies for obesity as drugs, "rhubarb," exercise and dieting, are quite out of date. LENDERZON, the great secret remedy for stoutness, is simply put in your bath. Eat as much as you like, exercise as little as you like. LENDERZON will restore your figure to its former beauty. Price 12p. per box, at all high-class chemists, or carriage free for 12 from THE LENDERZON CO., Desk F. 8, SOUTH STREET, LONDON, E.C.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP

The Navy's Three Fishers.

Fisher will always be a name to be identified with the deeds of our Navy, but probably few people realise that there are no fewer than three admirals of that name to-day in the Service. For, in addition to the First Sea Lord and his brother, Vice-Admiral William Blake Fisher, who was on the retired list, has now been given a temporary commission in the Royal Naval Reserve.



Sir Frederick Fisher.

Twice Saved Life.

To Admiral Fisher belongs the distinction of possessing two awards from the Royal Humane Society. When he was still a lieutenant on the St. Vincent a man became immersed while hoisting a boat to the davits. The tackle gave way and the boat turned bottom upwards, keeping the man down. Lieutenant Fisher and another sailor jumped overboard, righted the boat and saved the man. On another occasion he rescued a seaman who had tried to commit suicide in Sydney Harbour.

Never On Same Station.

Sir Frederick William Fisher, who is ten years younger than the famous "Jacky," never, strangely enough, served on the same station with his brother. Thus, while the First Sea Lord was shelling Alexandria from the Inflexible, Sir Frederick was on board the Amethyst off the south-east coast of America. Again, when the elder brother became Director of Naval Ordnance, the younger was commanding the Téméraire in the Mediterranean Squadron.

A Quaint Sense of Humour.

What a quaint sense of humour those income-tax people possess; no other people would have seen the subtle wit of waiting until the Kaiser's birthday to present their annual little account. Perhaps income-tax magnates thought it would be a most appropriate moment upon which to approach the unhappy taxpayer for his share of the silver bullets we are sending for the Germans' consumption.

His Nasty Present to Us.

For many part, I take quite a different point of view. My terrible demand note struck me as a most unpleasant birthday present from the Kaiser to the British people. And there were others who shared my view. I heard more plain home truth spoken—straight from the heart—about Potsdam William yesterday than I have heard since the war began.

Thr. > Glib Philosophers.

Oh, no. The Kaiser wasn't a bit popular in Fleet-street yesterday; nor were the few self-styled philosophers who pointed out in platitudes that we must expect to pay the cost of war; that we should feel it a privilege to be allowed to pay; that we should pay at once and be glad of it; that war was war, and all sorts of other stupid things that nobody wants to be told. Of course, we shall all pay with a little less bad grace this year than we did in the past, but some of those war philosophers are tiring.

A Coincidence Tip That Did.

And apropos of the Kaiser's birthday, I see the coincidence tipsters were in luck yesterday—Royal Birthday won the first race at Derby, but at odds on. I wonder how many superstitious racegoers backed the horse; from the look of the odds, many of them.

More About "The Willies" in the Trenches.

I heard yet more accounts of Mr. Haselden's "Willies" popularity in the German trenches—not the Prussian trenches, please notice. I heard from a man back on leave yesterday that in the trenches opposite his position Saxons and Hanoverians were stationed. Each morning the Germans would call out greetings across the short intervening space and ask for English papers, particularly *The Daily Mirror*. They wanted to see "Big and Little Willie," they said.

What They Couldn't Believe.

My friend says that these soldiers were only critical of one thing they read in the English Press, and that the statement that life in France was practically unaltered by the war. That, they said, was a lie; it must be, for they all knew how London was in a state of panic and almost famine-stricken!

To-day's Wedding.

I have a young and charming cousin who is one of my most severe critics. She says, among many other things that are not always complimentary, that I don't take any interest in things that really matter. Under protest she did exclude the war, and revised her statement. What it all amounted to was that she was dying to give me some information about to-day's wedding at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge.

Prettiest Since the War.

I give you to my cousin in many things, and she bids me tell my fair readers that this wedding will be one of the prettiest since the war. Miss Barbara Scott-Makdougall is the bride; she is marrying Sir George Duckworth-King, of the Grenadiers. According to my cousin, who knows all these things, the bride will be attended by her sister and by the bridegroom's sister, who will wear dresses of white chiffon and fur, with quaint turban hats of the same fascinating materials.

What Will Be Worn.

It will be quite a white wedding. The bride's dress of charmeuse will be trimmed with old lace and her train will be composed of a lace shawl, given by her aunt, Mrs. Alexander Fortescue. Mr. Guy Nugent, another Guardsman, is to be best man, and after the ceremony Mrs. Scott Makdougall will welcome the family at 53, Pont-street, the house she has taken in town for a few weeks. There will be no big reception—in these days wedding receptions seem to be very few and far between, and luncheon-parties for the relatives are the rule.

"God Up" with the Emperors.

An Italian journalist who has just reached Paris after a visit to Vienna says, so my Paris gossip writes, that the thing that struck him most was the huge number of portraits of the two Kaisers displayed in that city. Of all dimensions, one seen them in bronze, marble, plaster, copper, leather, wood, gingerbread and sugar. Painted, engraved, lithographed, sometimes they are standing, at other times seated with their granddaughters at their knees; while a favourite picture represents them as angels, surrounded by clouds and crowned with wreaths and garlands of oak.

In All Guises.

If not dressed in military uniforms of their respective armies, they are in hunting costume, holding each other by the hand or mounting towards Olympus to be received by the gods. A popular postcard shows the two Sovereigns firmly grasping their national flags in one hand, while with the other they menace the peoples opposed to them. When not breathing fire and slaughter to those who question their authority the twin Kaisers are showering Iron Crosses around them, blessing their soldiers and shaking hands with them, or bending tenderly over them in hospital.

Cunning, but Cannot Spell.

No doubt the Hun is a very cunning fellow, but occasionally he over-reaches himself. Germany's latest bright idea is to try to create a split between the French and the Flemish-speaking Belgians by flattering the latter. Unfortunately for themselves, their manifestoes in Flemish happen to be very badly spelt, and consequently only funny.

Belgium as Missing Link.

The line taken up by the Hun is that the Flemish-speaking Belgian is really a German at heart—if he only knew it. According to them Charlemagne was really a "Flemish German," and the Belgians ought therefore immediately renounce the "Roman yoke," whatever that means. If they will throw in their lot with the Huns they are promised a Flemish university and a Flemish archbishop. But the "word of command in the Army must be German." So now we know.

"Some" Buttons!

A Frenchwoman, mother of a young soldier who was taken prisoner some time ago, received a letter from him a few days ago asking for "several thousand uniform buttons." The reason of this strange request was said to be that the officer commanding the depot had remarked that the French prisoners presented an untidy appearance. Naturally, the recipient of the letter was unable to comply with her son's request. It has since occurred to her that the Germans, being short of copper and brass, wanted the buttons to make cartridges.

It German Wireless.

I met a man yesterday who had proved the Germans to be liars to his own satisfaction, and by a way of his own. And not merely liars, but stupid liars, who can be found out with ridiculous ease. "Ever since the war began," he told me, "I have collected the German wireless reports. Out of curiosity I have jotted down from day to day the advances in yards and miles they invariably achieve. It is purely a matter of addition, for there is never anything to deduct. The most reports ever admit is that one of their trenches had to be evacuated, but it is always retaken later on."

The Huns' Marathon.

"The other day I totted up the entire distance the German Army had advanced according to their wireless record. I found the Germans had left the coast of France and crossed the Channel long ago, and had in fact crossed the south of England, and were well on their way to America. At the present rate of progress they should be in New York by the first of April. In the East, I found that Warsaw had been left behind some weeks ago. If any German takes the trouble to merely add up the alleged advances of his army from day to day, he must be wondering what on earth it is still pottering about for in Belgium."

Captain Valentine.

Even our most prophetic novelists failed to anticipate the very big part that flying would play in this war. How short a time it is since we gaped when an airman circled Paris was brought home to me last night when I saw that James Valentine had been appointed captain (temporary) in the Royal Flying Corps. By flying when others preferred to motor, Valentine gained the reputation of being one of the most daring of British airmen.



Captain Valentine.

First Over Paris.

In those early days he flew eighty miles in seventy minutes, and that feat had to be recorded. It was "some" flight then. He followed this up by being the first Englishman to fly in an aeroplane over Paris. A writer chronicling this flight was careful to say:—"He crossed the Seine, passed over the Place de la Concorde, and went over the Rue de Rivoli to Notre Dame, which he encircled." And that was in 1911, and to-day an aerial police patrol keeps guard over Paris, crossing the Seine, I dare say, in most reckless manner.

His Quiet Wedding.

Like many other famous airmen, Valentine offered his services to the country when war came. His name was in everyone's mouth in 1911, when he was the first Englishman to complete the 1,000-mile circuit of Britain. But he never liked publicity, and even his marriage in London eighteen months ago was celebrated without the public being let into the secret. His bride was Miss Eileen Knox, a niece of Lord Lonsdale, and she confessed then that she "did not like flying."

Our Football Campaign.

We made good progress yesterday in our fight to provide footballs for "Tommy." Thirty-four new ones arrived, bringing our total up to 1,463, and of these 1,449 had been distributed up to yesterday afternoon. But still "Tommy" is ahead of us, although we have reduced the numbers of unsatisfied applicants by a few. But we want more.

Those Who Help.

Among yesterday's contributions were six footballs from the staff of the Elswick Shipyard and five from the Master of Sunderland Workhouse. I also had some money from Gwen, Ken and Ruth. Ruth, who is aged nine, sent me a pound out of her money-box. Gwen, who is two years older—I am sending 17s. to buy footballs for the soldiers. I've been saving up for a long time. . . . Ken sends 13s.: "Part of my last year's savings to buy footballs for the soldiers."

What the Children Have Done.

The three little letters from which I quote are typical of the help children have given us in collecting footballs. They have done magnificently, and there must be two or three thousand "Tommys" to-day who are getting unexpected joy out of life because of the generosity of children readers of *The Daily Mirror* in sending them footballs.

THE RAMBLER.

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To Every Sufferer from Rheumatism and all Uric Acid Disorders and Complaints—Nothing Whatever to Pay! But You Must Send at Once.

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Happy are those who have never experienced the excruciating pangs, the perpetual torments of rheumatism, lumbago, neuritis, gout, sciatica, neuralgia and such kindred ailments. They are the common heritage of mankind.

Despite all your past disappointments you can be cured speedily and surely, for in "Urillic" the significantly named preparation of a world-celebrated scientist-physician, lies the positive remedy for every uric acid disease. What are your particular symptoms? Read the following list and if your suffering is there indicated then you may be sure you are a victim of uric acid excess and are therefore one of those to whom this generous free gift applies.

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Feverishness and Excessive Shivering.

There is always something tangible in a "test." It denotes faith, it shows confidence, and, though this "free gift" may not fully eradicate your complaint, yet it will abundantly prove how "Urillic" eliminates uric acid from the system.

Those terrible twinges of agony will be at once reduced. Those racking throbs of pain will diminish and disappear, and relief immediately follow.

There is no obligation of any kind. You are asked to try "Urillic" absolutely free of any cost, except the 2d. in stamps to cover postage.

Write to-day, whilst the offer is open, to The Urillic Co. (Dept. M.R.), 164, Piccadilly, London.

URILLIC

"DISSOLVES EVERY SIGN OF URIC ACID EXCESS."

Urillic can be obtained of Boots', Parkers', Timothy White, and Taylor's Drug Stores, and Chemists and Stores everywhere. Is. 3d. and 2s. 3d., or post free from the Urillic Co., 164, Piccadilly, London, W.

"TIZ" for Aching, Sore, Tired Feet

TIZ is grand for puffed-up, tender, perspiring feet and burning corns.

"Ah! Boys TIZ is the thing!"



People who are forced to stand on their feet all day know what sore, tender, perspiring, burning feet mean. They use TIZ, and cure their feet right off. It keeps feet in perfect condition. TIZ is the only remedy in the world that draws out all the poisonous exudations which puff up the feet and cause tender, sore, tired, aching feet. It instantly stops the pain in corns, hard skin and bunions. It's simply glorious. Ah! how comfortable your feet feel after using TIZ. You'll never limp or draw up your face in pain. Your shoes won't tighten and hurt your feet. Get a 1s. 1d. box of TIZ now from any chemist's or stores. Just think! a whole year's foot comfort for 1s. 1d.

MARKETING BY POST.

PHEASANTS! Pheasants! Pheasants! 1/1 5s. 6d. brace: 4 Partridges, 4s.; 3 Hares, 5s. 6d.; 2 Wild Ducks, 4s. 1d.; 3 Teal, 3s.; 3 Chickens, 5s. 3d.; 3 Larger Size, 5s. 3d.; Hares and Pheasants 5s. 6d.; Hares and 2 Chickens, 5s. 6d.; all carriage paid; all birds trusted. Frost's Stores, Ltd., 279 and 281, Edgware Road, London, W.

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OFFICERS WITH CAMERAS.

When you are sending home SNAPSHOTS of interesting happenings at the front or on the high seas, why not send them to "The Daily Mirror," 23-29, Boulevard Street, London, E.C., which pays liberally for all war photographs used?

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER DAILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD

BRITAIN GAVE GERMANY NAVAL BASE FROM WHICH SHE FIGHTS TO-DAY.

9346



Taking away the British guns from Heligoland when we gave the naval base to Germany.

9346



The Island of Heligoland. Germany spent £10,000,000 and made it a Gibraltar.

The old British Heligoland stamp.

Twenty-five years ago the German Emperor formally took over possession of Heligoland, the naval base from which the German Navy is now fighting Great Britain. Heligoland before was a British possession, but, to ease a diplomatic situation, Lord Salisbury gave it to Germany. In the top photograph the British guns can be seen

being removed after the British flag had been hauled down. In some quarters at that time an outcry was raised against Lord Salisbury's action. Lord Rosebery opposed it in the House of Lords, and to-day many people are wondering why we gave our enemy a base from which to operate against ourselves.